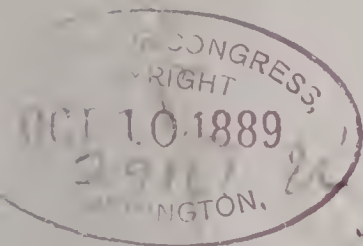


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MINNEHAHA,

Laughing Water.



BY

EMILY ROSS PERRY.

*“Minnehaha,
Laughing
Water.”*

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Minnehaha.

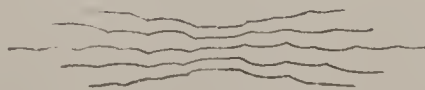


*B*Y the falls of Minnehaha,
With its rushing, roaring water,
Wonder of our great Northwest,
Near the far famed "Flour city,"
Where the Indian used to roam,
For he loved this Minnehaha,
Spirit bride, that seemed to come.





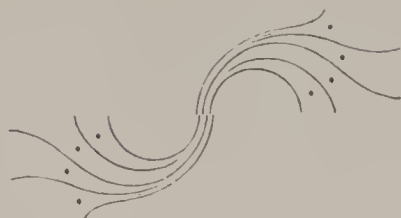
A RCHED above, like some old cavern,
With the water splashing over,
And the trailing, creeping ivy,
Hanging, fastened on the rocks.
Thou art lovely, Minnehaha,
'Tis no wonder Hiawatha,
Lored thee better than his flocks.



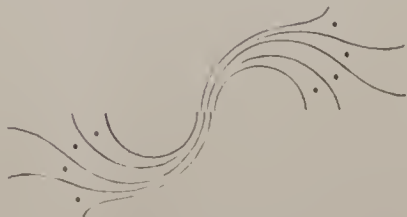


*H*ANGING o'er thee, waves the white birch,
And the sumach's reddish hue,
With the elms, and the basswood,
They are making love to you.
Minnehaha, dashing water,
You are ever good and true.





*L*AUGHING, leaping, silvery water,
White as God's own drifting snow,
How I wonder what you're after,
As you're rushing onward so!
Dashing, splashing, over falls and rocks you go.





***H**ERE I sit and read a chapter
As I look and long again,
Beauteous face of silvery water,
With the rainbow glancing after,
As on and on it comes again.*



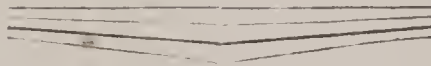


*HOW I love you, Minnehaha,
With your thousand silvery streams,
Like a spectre, on a river,
Comes a vision, as in dreams.
And my heart throbs as I listen,
While I see your bright form glisten,
As it dances on forever.*

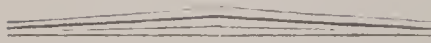




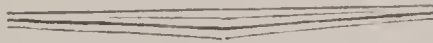
*L*IKE the sand upon the ocean,
Varied like the rainbow's hue,
Here the famous relic-hunter
Digs away a piece of you.
But thou wilt stand, yea, through all ages,
Though they try to dig you through.



*A*t your left, dear Minnehaha,
Stands the aged chief's old hut,
Made of stone with roof of grasses,
And methinks the door is shut;
For thy father long has gathered
All his wampum into dust,
Where his stores are always ready,
"Where there is no moth or rust."



*WEIRD and wild in all thy glory,
From thy cavern and thy glen,
As often as thy dear old story
Has been read by other men;
And by one who once adored thee
With his lore and with his pen.*





*P*OETS, artists, all have loved thee,
Thou art like the Æolian harp,
Wafting music o'er thy branches,
Ever keeping to the mark;
Thou wilt kiss thy waving grasses,
As onward glides thy phantom bark





*O*n thy sandy, rocky cavern
Creeps the lovely sea-green moss;
Time has left his mark and footprint,
But may thou never know no loss,
And thy gold shall not be dross.





*AND when night has spread her mantle
And the voices are hushed and still,
Listening often at thy murmur
Sounds the distant whip-poor-will;
Softly stealing o'er my senses
Comes the whisper, "Peace be still."*



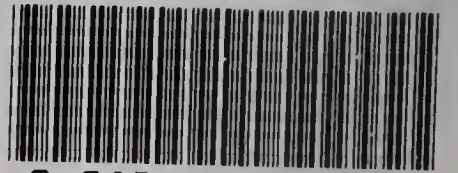


*O'ER thy hills of lovely verdure
Stands the dear old soldiers' home;
Men who fought for home and country,
For the cause they loved alone.
Shouldered arms and left their loved ones
In the keeping of their God.
Some have gone where battles never
Come to those whose feet have trod
Paths, that lead to living waters,
Where no battles and no dangers
To the faithful ever come.*



*SO we leave thee, Minnehaha:
Thousands more will come and go,
And will love thee, dashing water,
Spirit bride and purest daughter,
Robed in white like frozen snow:
May "Our Father" keep thee ever,
In thy course unto the river.
Thou art ever fair to view.
So we bid you, Minnehaha,
"Au revoir," a fond adieu.*

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